

hands to do is to assist moderately at the eating.

In respect to those who have been in the world while all these contrivances have found their places in this high-pressure, modern life, even though little in actual contact with them as a working combination, I imagine that most people have the feeling that they have somehow been an actual part of the progress, and so have the sense of being adjusted to it, even while much remains hidden and mysterious. But, to one who has been completely "shut in," or better "shut out," from all this that to ordinary folk is commonplace, it borders on the uncanny.

When I arrived in New-York almost direct from fifteen years of complete isolation, I had my first hotel experience in one of the most up-to-date establishments. Friends who had chosen this caravansary for me took no end of pains to enlighten me as to the purposes of all the strange devices with which I found myself surrounded, as well as the ways in which they worked, and while I no end of times nodded my head and repeated "Yes" after "Yes," precisely as if I understood it all—and really may have imagined I did—a little experience soon disillusioned me.

When toward the first evening I happened to want some ice-water, I touched what I supposed was the particular magical button that would in-

stantly produce it. Yet to my surprise minute followed minute without a response. Finally, however, just as I had about made up my mind to ring again, there came a knock, and in answer to my "Come in!" there entered a procession of waiters, with, it seemed to me, about all the hotel cuisine afforded. Naturally I stood aghast at my conjuring, but soon learned that I had signaled with the wrong bell.

Later in the evening I had another experience, and one well calculated to fill even the stoutest-hearted with alarm. Wishing to shield my somewhat sensitive eyes from an access of dazzling electric light, I undertook to do what would have suggested itself to any sensible person under the circumstances, namely to modify it. But alas! for my ignorance. Having found the key (thanks to previous coaching) I turned it the least wee bit, and instantly found myself in total darkness. In my alarm at the sudden change, I lost my hold on the key. Groping about for it, I made contact with various contrivances—all, I had not the least doubt, calculated to produce some startling effect—and rather than do something that might illuminate the whole building or reduce all to darkness, sound a burglar alarm and so call the police, or the fire-alarm and thus concentrate the city's equipment of extinguishers, I tremblingly disrobed in the dark,

and with a quaking heart sought refuge from my accumulated troubles in bed.

After being a mere automaton for so many years, without initiative and almost no will of my own regarding any act or purpose of life whatsoever, I find the mechanical habits acquired under the repressive English prison régime fastened upon me as a sort of second nature and a frequent check upon my natural impulses. It is therefore only by an extraordinary effort of the will that I am able even at this day to throw off the yoke so persistently imposed. Often during the hot nights of the past summer, if I awoke and felt an inclination to get up, I would feel the constraint of the old prison rule, which made it a punishable offense to leave one's bed before the early-morning summons, as the inmates are always under more or less surveillance. And even now if perchance anyone speaks in my presence in a somewhat abrupt or authoritative voice, I involuntarily give a start and question myself if I have broken any of the almost countless rules with which a prisoner's life is ever hedged about.

When one has spent nearly half of the best years allotted to a generation in a volitionless existence, a self-determining personality is not easily put in its place. This fact should receive serious con-

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THE WORLD'S HEART

By Minna Thomas Antrim

A DEAL too much hear we of the "heartless world." The term needs revising. The world may be mindless; it is never heartless. In truth it is a pretty decent place for the pretty decent. Even for the other sort, its pity is more often manifest than its scorn. The evil-doer, like the insane, always thinks the other afflicted with his own vices or malady. To the heartless all men are heartless, even as to the good all women are good. The rich are more tender and merciful to the poor when in trouble, than the poor are toward the rich in their day of tribulation.

Rancor is the legitimate child of Penury; but it rarely shows itself toward any except those above it in station.

Envy, Hatred, Malice and all uncharitableness roam the world about; but Love, Sympathy, Consideration and Hope outnumber them ten to one.

When the world acts coldly toward a man or woman, it is dollars to crullers that the one frowned upon deserves it.

If we are too indolent, or too indifferent to exert ourselves to please others when we are prosperous, we must not expect others to smile, to offer condolence, when we are in distress or when the wind's in the east. Life is a case of exchange all through, and a good thing too for all of us.

This world is a brave and a busy one. It has little time or patience with whiners or morbidness. It is whirling rapidly on its way. The vast caravan will soon come to those little grass-covered beds where it will lie down to sleep for a long, long while, so can spend no precious time in coddling imaginary invalids or self-styled martyrs. It has, however, time to stop thitherward to help the too-heavily burdened up the hill of Difficulty, or guide the blind past dangerous quagmires.

When the world was young, its heart was stony. The Stone Age knew neither pity nor love. The cave-dwellers wooed their wives with clubs and blows, and the women judged a suitor by his prowess. With progress came the realization of woman's weakness, and her abusers were restrained. How to harness man's strength also came to be calculated. Blows ceased to appeal to woman, whereupon came swiftly kinder methods of courtship and conjugal authority.

Every generation has brought the world's people closer together mentally. True, there are sundry "Sets," "Smart" or "Stupid" and "Clever." We have the "masses" and "classes" ever with us, but when national woe or discoveries that open further the gates of Knowledge, transpire, "masses" and "classes" merge into one great heart-throbbing family, and the welkin rings.

Prosperity does not destroy humanity, cynics to the contrary. The

jeweled hand that gives often does so stealthily. "Is there no sesame to the world's heart except through the gates of Mammon?" ask the perplexed. Certainly, my masters. The unknown may not displace those to the manner, or mansion, born, but talent of a quality to please finds its welcome thrice assured. The idle-born may jibe the idlers; but instinctively it avoids aught that might give pain to those who work.

Education teaches that good manners and tact

are the hall-mark of culture. Spite is much alive; but it rarely descends socially.

Humanity thrives both upon high and level ground. Comes war, pestilence or sudden death, how acts the world? Heartlessly? Not so! Sympathy runs swiftly to the house of Sorrow with succor, and to whisper of immortality. Hope hastens also thither, with the oil of healing to bind up gaping wounds.

It is equally true of Joy. Who is welcomed everywhere? That one who bringeth Laughter and Joy in his train.

The evils of indiscriminate giving and misplaced sympathy cannot be estimated. As long as pennies are dropped in outstretched tin cups, beggars will ride—after business hours. That omnipresent widow with nine hungry children and not a cent or a crust in the house, and the man who lacks money to bury his dead wife, may be true occasionally, but nine times out of twelve their troubles cease with the blowing whistles at six o'clock.

Sympathy is not to be had on demand. It must be deserved. The swarms of charlatans and professional liars are responsible for a certain lack of enthusiasm that the world manifests when tales of woe are being recited. Let it be convinced that the larder is empty or the body illy warmed, and its feet are winged as it rushes where food may be procured or clothing had.

While it is true that nothing is repaid by nothing, so also may we build upon the certainty of something receiving its just compensation. There is not a creature who lives that has not enough fire within him to start an Altar of Consideration. The joy of living is doubled by life's sorrows. By contrasts are we taught appreciation.

The "ingratitude of the world" is a myth. Few are without the reciprocal instinct. The exceptions verify. Are humans less grateful than brutes? Outcasts have been known to sacrifice their lives for the sake of some remembered service. There is a great heart kinship among us all. A common cause will destroy barriers of caste in the twinkling of an eye, and haughtiness gives way to glances of mutual understanding and sympathy.

Expecting too much is the folly of the majority. It is more than probable that each of us is judged with comparative fairness. Unless we are immaculate physically and morally, we need hope for no prizes. The world is ready to shed its life-blood for things that are noble. Battle-fields have proved this, and martyrs' graves are numerous. In the great heart of the people throbs for all who have lived or died nobly a love that is deathless. It is the weaklings, the pretenders, the vampires and barnacles who heedlessly plant thorns of cynicism and distrust in illogical minds. The world's heart is dependably true.

FATHER'S HAND



By Maurice Smiley

A scene in the midst of the city
Brought peace to my heart one day:
A man, a rough man of the people,
Was walking a city way;
And fast to his hand held a toddler,
With hair that was angel gold—
And oh, the gentle confiding
That clung in that dimpled hold!

And walking they came to a danger,
A steep that was tiny and sheer.
The wee clinging fingers tightened
And the blue eyes widened with fear;
But roughly the man reassured her
In words she could understand:
"There ain't nuthin' goin' to hurt you!
Ain't papa got hold o' your hand?"

But all thro' the petulant fondness,
Impatient, rebuking and stern,
The fatherhood rang like an anthem;
And this is the lesson I learn—
For I am a child like the toddler
And I'm hearing the Father say:
"Fear not any steep of the journey
Or pitfall along the way!"

And e'en as the little one feared not,
But held all the closer and fast,
Serene with a sureness that trusted,
So clingeth my faith to the last.
His shield and His love are around me,
All dangers to safely withstand.
What harm shall ever befall me?—
The Father holdeth my hand!